

Great Tammany Leader.

[The Catarrh of Summer.]



Congressman Amos J. Cummings.

New York, Oct. 11th, 1898.
Gentlemen—Per-una is good for catarrh. I have tried it and know it. It relieved me immensely on my trip to Cuba, and I always have a bottle in reserve. Since my return I have not suffered from catarrh, but if I do I shall use Per-una again. Meantime you might send me another bottle.

Yours, Amos J. Cummings, M. C.

Summer catarrh assumes various forms. It produces dyspepsia and bowel complaint. It causes biliousness and diseases of the liver. It deranges the kidneys and bladder. Summer catarrh may derange the whole nervous system, when it is known to the medical profession as a systemic catarrh. Per-una is a specific for all these forms of catarrh. Per-una never disappoints. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on summer catarrh.

A SWEET REVENGE.

Clarence Was Weak on Spelling and She Brought It Up in Red Ink.

"Oh, Eleanor, I am so glad to find you here. I went up to your house, and your mother said you had come here to be fitted." And as Eleanor grasped the speaker's hand the dresser moved, for she didn't want the fit of the new gown interfered with.

"Well, Daisy, said Eleanor, 'I am glad, too, for I see by your eyes that you've something to tell me.'

"Yes. This morning I went over to see Kit, and I ran up to her room, as we always do, you know."

"Yes," assented Eleanor.

"And she was crying. All around her on the floor were letters, and on the bed more letters. I said: 'Merry, Kit, what's the matter?' Every now and then she would make a vicious jab at a letter and appear to be writing.

"Oh, Daisy! I am almost wild! I'm so busy."

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Well," said Kit, you know Clarence and I have had a quarrel—and I'm glad of it—and here she sobbed the gladiolus kind of sob—and—and she sent all my letters back—and the silver bookmark—and the lovely pipe I gave him with his name engraved on it—and—oh, Daisy! I can't say any more—how can I?—and I'm getting my letters ready to return. I'm—I'm correcting them, and then she laughed and made another jab with her pen.

"Correcting them?" I gasped.

"Yes—correcting them. You know Clarence is a terrible speller, so I have gone over each letter in red ink and made him see that it was intentional. Humph! I'll bet he won't tell another man he broke it off."

"I couldn't help laughing, but wasn't it a fine revenge!" London Tit-Bits.

There seem to be no fabrics that are likely to rival the plain cloths for certain smartness this winter. The dyes are very beautiful, and the fashion of using two shades of one color in making the gown has not ceased. Frequently there is a third contrasting dye for the vest, or gilette, and cuffs. The green and brown shades never seemed richer or more desirable, and they make ideal costumes, with narrow fur trimmings, for women who do not dress extravagantly but always dress elegantly.—N. Y. Post.

Here the voice of counsel for the defense thrived with emotion.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "you cannot believe the prisoner to be the cool, calculating villain the prosecution would make him out to be. Were he cool and calculating would he have murdered his wife as he is accused of doing? Would he not rather have spared her in order that she might be here at this trial to weep for him and influence your verdict with her tears? Only the thoughtless think lawyers do not assist the ends of justice.—Detroit Journal.

Laziness makes all tasks seem hard; industry makes them seem light.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Some people are like clocks; they show by their faces what sort of a time they are having.—Golden Days.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

THE MISSION OF ART.

A Potent Factor in Uplifting the Human Race.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Influence of "Pleasant Pictures" in the Development of Christian Character.

[Copyright, 1898, by Louis Klophech.]

Dr. Talmage shows in this discourse how art may become one of the mightiest agencies for the elevation and salvation of the human race. The text is Isaiah 2:12-16: "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures."

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject. That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the devil is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the flinging of the easel. They would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and end clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pliny the elder lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the farther you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorial and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination, and he becomes a mere carcass. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low theaters have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled? Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that it has not been carried away by the harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin, and the flute, which, though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side, like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission? Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the world, under its arches and across its floors, what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted? It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity!

What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the wood cuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not got from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engravings of Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elijah restoring the Shunammite's measure of the increase, Christ blessing little children, the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings, which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nineteenth of you. If I could swing open the door of your forehead, I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all, but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few and then engraver's plate or wood cut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowledge of all nations in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoretto's "Flight into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna," at Milan; Orosius's "Last Judgment" and hundreds of miles of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness anything and everything that the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gussone Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," "ambassadors" in the attention of the world, he takes up the book of books, the mon-

sch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen" and 205 Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural affluence that make the heart throb and the brain reel and the tears start and the cheeks blanch and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London art gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the Divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semistarvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great scholar, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English army, who, through coming to admire West as a clever skater, gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as his brush. Ponsin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alecione" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I. it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burned. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated at the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down to the level of the sublimity of their art and obliged to give accounts of what they did with their colors.

The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect, poorly clad, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated? When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly treated. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on his coat over the left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of \$54 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift up a complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keener nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize.

There needs to be concerted effort for the suffering artist of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer who was very busy gathering his fall apples and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for one prayer, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but we need sermons that make pleas for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than some of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists and to know little or nothing about our own Copsey and Allston and Inman and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless dabs on canvas and call in these splendid but unwearied men and tell them to adorn your walls not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the memory, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them. All American cities need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until ten o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go.

What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudges. Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington? Let others have done for Philadelphia and Boston and New York? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live, and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged. By your benefactions build your monuments and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have

no monuments at all or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph, while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of Aberdeen granite high enough for a king and eulogies enough to embarrass a sopher. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading-room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and 150 years from now you will be wielding influence in this world for good. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendor which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under!

The tower of David was hung with 1,000 dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Canova! Farewell, dear pictures!"

As the day of the Lord of hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book nor newspaper nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty and wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk may have hoped, with little reason, would become a worldwide language; but the pictorial is always a worldwide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing he looks at is the pictures. Have only the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers and all Sabbath school teachers and all Christian workers realize that, if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk or blue boards or kindergarten designs or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in color, are what produce stronger effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his sermon on the mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of "a city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture.

When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture; Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures; John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works, all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not in pictures of color? Yes, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that? After making the picture, put it on the wall or paste it on the fly-leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience to parents;" on the second, "Sabbath breaking;" on the third, "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth, "Murder;" and on the fifth and top step, "A gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them! Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step, "Heaven, Heaven, Heaven!"

Head of the Family.
Hewitt—Let me see a manly man.
Jewett—Let me introduce you to my wife.—Town Topics.

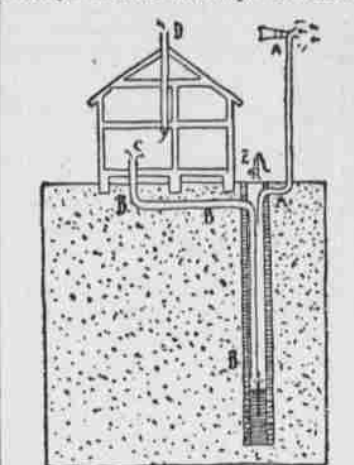
AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

EARTH FOR COOLING.

Prof. F. H. King Gives Some Facts About the Refrigerating Qualities of the Soil.

Prof. King, in Bulletin No. 70 of the Wisconsin experiment station, shows how the cheesemakers of Wisconsin make use of the cold part of the soil in cheesemaking. The object is to prepare a cooling room where the cheese can be kept at a fairly low and even temperature without the great expense of ice or artificial cooling.

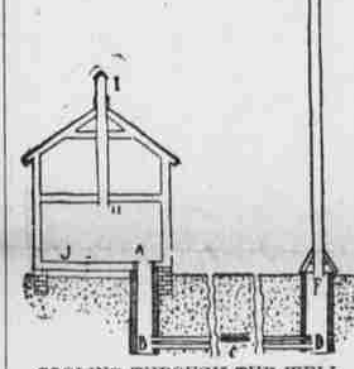
The plan is, in brief, to force air through the ground at a depth of 12 or 15 feet, so that it will be thoroughly cooled in passing through the pipes. Briefly described, the two pictures show



SUB-EARTH DUCT FOR CHEESE FACTORY.

how this plan is operated. The long tube shown in Fig. 1 carries at its top a wide opening (F) and a wide valve (G). The wind vanes act with the wind so as to hold the opening (F) constantly against it. A shows the inlet to the cooling room; B is the end of the duct or air pipes; and C is a bricked-up hole below the curing room. C shows the cross section, showing how a number of pipes are used to carry the air. E is the bricked-up entrance under the funnel; F is the funnel with a mouth 36 inches wide; J is the cooling room, and H I the ventilator for letting out the air.

In this case the air is carried about 10 feet under ground, but in some cases it is not convenient to carry the air so far. In such places, the device



COOLING THROUGH THE WELL.

shown at Fig. 2 is used. A deep well is dug close to the cheese factory. In the case illustrated, this well is 64 feet deep. The pipe through which the air enters is ten inches in diameter, and reaches just about to the top of the factory. It comes down into the well as is shown in the picture, the well being thoroughly covered so that the air cannot escape through the top. The air is forced down near the cold water, and up again through the pipe B into the cooling room. Prof. King, in his bulletin, gives an account of a number of such devices, and gives some very interesting conclusions as a result of his investigation. This system of sub-earth ducts seems to be a popular one in Wisconsin, and where properly handled, it seems to be a valuable and economical way of reducing the temperature. In some cases, the temperature of the cooling room is reduced from eight to twelve degrees by the use of this duct.

TIMELY DAIRY NOTES.

The product will be much better if two or more cows are fresh every month.

Do not allow the bull to run with the herd in the pasture. Arrange a yard or pasture that can be made secure by a heavy, high fence.

Fit the windows with wire netting, and put screen doors on the inner jambs, so that the outer doors may be left open during the hot weather.

Arrange to have the different members of the herd freshen at different times of the year, so that the milk supply will be pretty even during the whole year.

Kind treatment and pleasant surroundings have a great influence upon the quantity and quality of the milk. The feed is sufficient for the requirements of the animal.

A reader asks how to remodel the under of a cow that is badly misshapen. It is practically impossible without a long and expensive operation that finally might not prove successful.

Keep salt constantly in a water-tight box in the barnyard to insure the best condition of the stock. Leave this box out under the open sky and note the pleasure with which the cattle drink up the salty water on rainy days.—Farm Journal.

Grass Around Fruit Trees.
There is hardly any greater nuisance than a tough sod growing close to a fruit tree, especially on apple trees. As it makes the favorite harbor of mice, which are always fond of sweet-apple bark. The time to kill this grass is in the spring, while it is tender and full of sap. If a furrow is plowed close to the tree and against it at this season the grass quickly rots, and before fall the whole furrow can and should be scattered between the rows of trees, throwing most of it on the dead furrow which comes in the middle between the rows where the fertility is least.

The Teller Wouldn't Tell.

Mrs. Brown—Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a "civil engineer."

Mrs. Smith—Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as the man they call "tiger" in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money his husband had on deposit, and he just laughed at me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Give the Children a Drink.
allied Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 4 as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

Frivolous Ambition.
"Did you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"

"Yes."

"Fate's awfully funny, sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his one ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch home with a lion."—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Calluses, Sore, and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Wonder.
"She has a remarkable voice."

"In which respect?"

"In timbre."

"No wonder. She used to call a logging camp to dinner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lane's Family Medicine.
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Dreamers are the world's great architects. The tellers are the world's great leaders.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Far Back.
Greene—What a far-away look that poet has!

De Witt—Yes; he's thinking of his last meal.—Cleveland Leader.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken Internally. Price 75c.

Drift: It is just as pleasant down the river as up.—Acheson Globe.

THE MARKETS.
New York, June 18.

| | | |
|------------------|--------|--------|
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 82 1/2 | 84 1/2 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 42 1/2 | 42 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 25 1/2 | 25 1/2 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 65 1/2 | 65 1/2 |
| BEEF—Extra mess. | 10 1/2 | 10 1/2 |
| PORK—Family | 10 1/2 | 10 1/2 |
| LARD—Western | 5 1/2 | 5 1/2 |
| BUTTER—Western | 13 1/2 | 13 1/2 |
| EGGS—Large white | 17 1/2 | 17 1/2 |
| EGGS—Western | 14 1/2 | 14 1/2 |
| WOOL—Domestic | 12 1/2 | 12 1/2 |
| CATTLE—Steers | 4 1/2 | 4 1/2 |
| SHEEP—Common | 3 1/2 | 3 1/2 |
| HOGS | 4 1/2 | 4 1/2 |

CLEVELAND.
FLOUR—Winter wheat
Minnesota patents
Minnesota bakers
WHEAT—No. 2 red
CORN—No. 2 yellow on track
OATS—No. 2 white
RYE—No. 2
EGGS—Fresh laid
POTATOES—Per bushel
SEEDS—Prime timothy
Clover
HAY—Timothy
Bulls on market
CATTLE—Steers, choice
HOGS—Medium and Yorkers

PITTSBURGH.
FLOUR—Family
WHEAT—No. 2 red
CORN—No. 2 mixed
OATS—No. 2 mixed
RYE
HOGS

BUFFALO.
BEEVES—Good steers
Fair
SHEEP—Good grades
Good lambs
HOGS—Good mixed
Pigs

PITTSBURGH.
BEEVES—Extra steers
BEEVES—Good steers
SHEEP—Good grades
Best lambs
HOGS—Heavy

CINCINNATI.
WHEAT—No. 2 red
CORN—No. 2 mixed
OATS—No. 2 mixed
RYE
HOGS

From Mrs. Sunter to Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 75,241]
"One year ago last June three doctors gave me up to die, and as I had at different times used your Vegetable Compound with good results, I had too much faith in it to die until I had tried it again. I was apparently an invalid, was confined to my bed for ten weeks. (I believe my trouble was ulceration of womb).

"After taking four bottles of the Compound and using some of the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, at the end of two months I had greatly improved and weighed 155 pounds, when I never before weighed over 138. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever used, and I recommend it to all my friends."—MRS. ANNA EVA GUNTER, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Mrs. Barnhart Enjoys Life Once More.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been sick ever since my marriage, seven years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhoea, pains in back and legs; dyspepsia and a nervous trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—MRS. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.

A. N. K.—C 1766

FREE HOMES

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How old she Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it. Your household cares may be heavy and disappointing, but they cannot make you look old. One thing does it and never fails. It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free.
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your present system. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over 4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O!

Try Grain-O!
Send your grocery bill to GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARET, I will never be without it in the house. My liver was in a very bad state, and my stomach and I had stomach trouble. Now after taking Cascarets I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach." J. S. KNEELAND, 121 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

Cascarets

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weakens, or Gripe. Do. 25c. per box. CURE CONST